



"REVOLUTIONARY TEA"



*There was an old lady lived
over the sea
And she was an island queen
Her daughter lived off in a new
country
With an ocean of water
between
The old lady's pockets were full
of gold
But never contented was she
So she called on her daughter
to pay her a tax
Of three pence a pound on her
tea
Of three pence a pound on her
tea*

*"Now mother dear mother,"
the daughter replied,
"I shan't do the thing you ax.
I'm willing to pay a fair price
for the tea,
But never the three-penny tax."
"You shall," quoth the mother,
and reddened with rage,
"For you're my own daughter,
you see,
And sure 'tis quite proper the
daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on her tea,
Her mother a tax on her tea."*

*And so the old lady her servant
called up
And packed off a budget of tea;
And eager for three pence a
pound, she put in
Enough for a large family.
She ordered her servants to
bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should
obey,
Or old as she was, and almost
woman grown,
She'd half whip her life away,
She'd half whip her life away.*

*The tea was conveyed to the
daughter's door,
All down by the ocean's side;
And the bouncing girl poured
out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide;
And then she called out to the
Island Queen,
"Oh, mother, dear mother,"
quoth she,
"Your tea you may have when
'tis steep'd quite enough
But never a tax from me
But never a tax from me*